

Your Majesty by hoppnhorn

Series: [Harringrove Bits & Pieces \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: A Knight's Tale AU, Jousting, M/M, Slight violence?

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

A blacksmith's son, fueled by his desire for food and glory, creates a new identity for himself as a knight. When he meets the crowned prince in a joust, he wins more than he ever imagined.

Your Majesty

Author's Note:

originally posted on my [blog](#). Might continue this, might not. Depends on what strikes my fancy.

The smart move: forfeit from the round. Even without the annoying tugging on his leg, Billy knew it was what he should do. In fact, a stable boy was already running across the dirt, ready to place a white flag over his crest, signaling his withdrawal.

He looked down the fence at his opponent, eyed the beautiful mare and its rider. He knew damn well who was sitting under that suit of armor; he also knew that charging towards him in a joust was a terrible idea. But he also saw the way the knight was already shaking his head, handing his lance back to his squire in disappointment.

Billy grunted and snatched his lance from his squire, who shouted something. The words were muffled behind Billy's helmet and he paid them no heed, cueing his horse to the fence.

The crowd erupted into shocked shouts and applause as he took aim, digging his heels into his horse. The great animal bucked under him and reared back on its hind legs before it charged forward.

His opponent was quick to grab back his lance, meeting his advance with eager kicks to his mare, and Billy said a little prayer when they collided.

Please, god, don't let me kill the crowned prince.

Luckily, his aim was true, his lance finding its mark in the middle of his opponent's chest. The lance shattered at the same time as Billy took a matching hit to the shoulder, the impact ripping him around in his saddle. To keep from falling, he dropped his broken lance and clung to his saddle, his entire arm screaming. It was a solid hit. He'd have a good bruise the following day. Sweat bloomed over his body from sheer pain and he groaned behind his helmet.

Tommy, his squire, appeared at his hip, steering his horse back to the end of the fence.

“Are you out of your goddamn mind?” Tommy asked, his eyes wide. “That’s—“

“I know who it is.” Billy groaned, straightening himself in the saddle. On the other side of the field, he watched the prince right himself in a similar fashion. Alive and well.

He wouldn’t hang for killing royalty. Yet.

“You’ve had your fun.” Tommy hissed. “Get the fuck down.”

“Fuck off and hand me a lance.” Billy growled. His friend squinted up at him, eyes searching for his through the grate of his armor.

“It’s your fucking funeral.” He finally muttered, retrieving another lance.

Billy pinned it to his side, tucked his arm in and yelled for his horse to run. The prince was already on the charge. His breath roared in his ears as they sped towards each other; when they met the second time, Billy threw his back into a jab and struck his opponent hard in the shoulder, wood splintering in the air. His opponent’s aim faltered and Billy was spared another hit. He gulped down air in relief. He’d won, ending the joust before a third round.

The crowd gave a collective cry as the prince swayed in his saddle but stayed upright, relief bringing their voices higher. They cheered for their prince, the victor forgotten. But Billy didn’t mind. When he tore the helmet from his head, he found himself smiling, his sweaty, blond curls falling messily around his shoulders.

“Your majesty.” He said, lowering his head in a bow when they approached each other at the fence. The prince pulled his helmet away, revealing a wide grin and a mop of brown, thick hair.

Billy was shocked at the way his stomach twisted at the sight.

“You knew.” His opponent whispered through panted breaths. “If you knew, why did you—?”

"I figured..." Billy pointed to the crowned prince's simple armor and the fake family crest painted on his shield. "If you went through all the trouble to hide who you were, you wanted to be treated like you weren't a prince."

Prince Steven Harrington grinned, his brown eyes twinkling in the sun. Up close, Billy was struck by the man's sweet smile and flushed complexion. He was more attractive than any paintings or descriptions. It stirred something in Billy's gut; something he hadn't felt in a long time.

"You figured right." Steven nodded, gulping down air. "I can't remember the last time I actually got to *compete* with someone. And lose for that matter."

Billy laughed and his horse jostled him in the saddle, kicking at the dirt.

"I don't do anything halfway." He answered. "If I was going to risk death for a joust, I was going to make it a hell of a joust."

Steven laughed. The crowd watched as they spoke, a hush falling as the two of them stood at the fence. Billy glanced around, suddenly uneasy at all the eyes focused on him. The prince waved towards the stands and applause broke out again, burying them in noise.

"Well said." Steve chuckled. "They certainly seemed to enjoy it."

"They would have enjoyed it more if you knocked me on my ass." Billy snorted. Their eyes met and Steven grinned.

"Maybe I'll get another chance."

Heat pooled at the juncture of Billy's hips and he swallowed, his pulse rising. There was no mistaking the meaning behind Steven's pointed stare and the gaze that slid to Billy's mouth. In a moment of impulse, Billy slipped out his tongue to wet his lips and the prince's smile froze in surprise.

"I'd be honored, your majesty."

Steven blinked, a renewed flush filling his cheeks.

“You’re a surprise, Sir...”

“Hastings.” Billy supplied. His fake surname was well documented, back almost eight generations, and only a true historian would know that the Hastings had no living decedents named William. But the name of a blacksmith’s son, Hargrove, wouldn’t have allowed him to compete.

The prince bought it just like everyone else, without a batting an eyelash.

“You’re a surprise, Sir Hastings. Where most men shy away, you...” He shook his head, tightening the hold on his reins with a grin. “... you advance.”

You have no idea. With a wide smile, Billy egged his horse closer to the fence, close enough so he could lean in and whisper.

“I’m not like most men.”